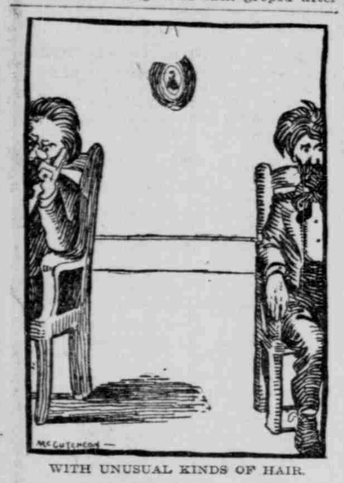
MODERN FABLES BY GEORGE ADE.

The Modern Fable of the Good Thing Who Ran The Boarding House for Luminaries . . . . . .

Once there was a Patient Man who had one kind of a Wife. Something hurt her all the time, but she couldn't tell just what it was. She was afflicted with Soul-Hunger. She was a New Woman. In fact she was one of the Newest Women that ever came out of a Book Store and she was Fresh every Hour.

When the latest Fad struck Town she appointed herself a Reception Committee and hurried out as far as the Railroad Bridge to welcome it. She loved to mess around with little Clubs that went on Young Hyson Jags and then groped after



WITH UNUSUAL KINDS OF HAIR.

the Whatness of something. If she could land in with a dreamy Bunch and sit in a Front Room with all the Curtains pulled down and the Candles shaded, while a Lady who had never ruined her Shape read a Puzzle Paper that got past every one who heard it, then the Wife of the Plain Man thought she was having the Time of her Life.

She loved to flirt with the Unknowable and occasionally take a Fall out of the Occult.

But she had no Time for anything she could Understand. She preferred to sail through the Ethereal Regions of the Bamboo Dreams, hanging by one Toe and having a Rush of Blood to the Head.

As suggested at the Beginning of the Fable, the Poor Woman did not know what hurt her, but she proceeded on the Theory that the Higher Intellectual Life consisted of Equal Parts of Vertigo and Guess-Work.

All this meant Fine Business for the Boy who in a Careless Moment had promised to Love, Honor and Obey. She sprang a new Series of Curves on him every Week or two. Sometimes he suspected that she had gone aft to the Wheel-House, but he didn't like to say so on account of the Children. So he continued to play Angel to her Continued Performance.

The Wife, whose Name was Azalea, used to go out and dig up all kinds of Geniuses

WOULD GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN.

and take them up to the House and Feed them. She considered it a great Honor to have some melancholy Person with an unusual kind of Hair come up to their Number and eat about $2 worth of Food.

She and the Genius would sit at opposite ends of the Table and ping-pong a line of inspired Conversation that never touched Husband at all. He couldn't even keep Score.

Azalea never could find time for a straight-away Business Man who wore a Sack Suit and an ordinary Collar and talked about what had been in the Morning Paper. No indeed, for she was on the look-out for Rare Birds.

She went to a Paderewski Concert once and when the Artist with the crinkly Mop leaned over the Gee Side of the Key-Board and began to tear off the Quarter-Notes with his Eyes closed, it was then that Azalea tried to climb over the Foot-Lights and Steal a Kiss.

Azalea always had a number of Musical Mokes on her Staff. When she had a Soiree, the Plain Husband would go away back and sit down behind a Rubber Plant or an Orange Tree where no one could see him. He knew that the Music was Good but it did not sound right to him.

Azalea did not put in all of her time with the Musickers. One day she came home and said that she had discovered the greatest Literary Genius ever born in Captivity —one who would sooner or later make Hall Caine look like 3 cents worth of Saleratus.

"How do you know he is a Genius?" asked the Plain Husband, who was becoming Leery of her Finds.

"He told me so," she replied. "And he has consented to Dine here."

"That will be sweet Billiards," said the Plain Husband. "When I come home at Night all tuckered, there is nothing cheers me more than to listen to an Incipient Author with a 16 Collar on a 14½ Neck."

"But this one is a remarkable Character," said Azalea. "He is so Erratic that every one is talking about him. He has worn the same hat for nine years and sometimes he sits for a Hour at a time without speaking to any one. He has made a great Rep for himself by throwing down People who are trying to be kind to him. His favorite Specialty is making Cracks about those who Entertain him. I have no doubt that he will go away and say the most Sarcastic Things about us, but then you must expect that from a Genius."

"I'll bet that he won't say any worse things about us than I say about him," said the Plain Husband. "What time does the Genius arrive?"

"You never can tell," was the Reply. "He is so Great that he scorns to keep his Appointments, but if he comes at all it will be somewhere between five and nine."

"I will go and stock up the Side-Board," said the Plain Husband.

The Genius arrived at 9:30 and said all he wanted for Dinner was four Bowls of Soup and an Orange. Azalea thought he was charmingly Eccentric. It would be wrong to tell what the Plain Husband thought.

Azalea had a way of uncovering Lady Reformers who were above the Fripperies of Dress. Every week or so the Plain Husband would arrive at the House to find everything upset in Honor of some longitudinal Empress in the World of Thought who glared at him through Steel Specs and wore her Wens in the most unexpected Places. Any time that the Plain Husband bumped against a Proposition of this kind he folded up like a Pocket Camera. When it came time to Carve he would be so Nervous that every Slice looked as if it had been put through a Fluting Machine.

This went on for Years. He used to tell on the Outside, when he was in his Cups, that he was conducting a first-class Boarding House for Freaks. Azalea put it differently. She said that she had entertained more Whales than any other Woman along the Street.

But the Dorsal Vertebrae of the long-suffering Camel may be weighted to the Point of Fracture, and there came a Day when the Plain Husband riz up. He invited a few Friends to Dinner and then notified Azalea. She scanned the List and then threw a couple of Throes.

"Nobody ever heard of these Folks," she said.

"That is why it will be such a blamed Relief to have them around," said the Plain Husband. "I long for the sight of those that Comb it in the Ordinary Way and talk about something besides Themselves. I have got good and tired of looking at Genius through Smoked Glasses. Before I die I should like to attend just one Dinner Party at which the Host would cut a little Ice. And to-morrow this Sign goes up at

AN EMPRESS OF THOUGHT.

the Front Portal: 'No Tramps, Beggars, Peddlers or Geniuses need apply."

It gives one a Crick in the Neck to look up all the Time.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What is the average life of man?—W. About thirty-three years.

÷ ÷ ÷

How many States are there in the Union? 2. Which one was admitted last?—J. B. F. Forty-five. 2. Utah.

÷ ÷ ÷

What historical events caused the ride from Ghent to Aix?—A. W.

None; it is a purely imaginary incident.

÷ ÷ ÷

Who is the present ruler of Denmark? 2. And of Austria-Hungary?—M.

King Christian IX. 2. Emperor Francis Joseph.

÷ ÷ ÷

Is there more than one postoffice named Carl, or Everett, or Hester, in Texas?—J. A. M.

There is not.

÷ ÷ ÷

Is Jan. 1 a legal holiday in every State in the United States?—H. M.

No; Massachusetts, Mississippi and New Hampshire are the exceptions.

÷ ÷ ÷

Is Stephen Adams the real name of the composer?—E. F. G.

No; it is the pen-name used for his compositions by Michael Maybrick.

÷ ÷ ÷

Where is the monitor Arkansas, launched last year?—Little Rock.

At Newport News, Va., incomplete. The vessel was launched Nov. 10, 1900.

÷ ÷ ÷

Will you give me the name and address of the United States consul at the City of Mexico?—L. J. R.

Consul General Andrew D. Barlow, American consulate, Mexico City, Mexico.

÷ ÷ ÷

What is the weight of a cubic foot of air? —J. J.

Dry, with temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit and barometer at 30 inches, a trifle less than an ounce and an eighth.

÷ ÷ ÷

Will you give me the address of the man who commanded federal cavalry in opposition to Forrest in Hood's Nashville campaign?—S. B. H.

Major General James Harrison Wilson, Wilmington, Del.

÷ ÷ ÷

Who is the author of the Morse system of telegraphy?—F. F. S.

Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph. The system now used is that devised by him, almost without change.

÷ ÷ ÷

In cribbage A plays an eight, B a six, A a four, B a five and takes a run of three; A then plays the seven and claims run of five; B says he only makes a run of four, which is correct?—N. Y.

A is right; five for the run.

÷ ÷ ÷

Is the coming Easter the earliest on record, or did it ever occur earlier? If so, what year?

Easter may come on and not earlier than March 22, and on and not later than April 25. It came last on March 22 in 1818.

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Was James A. Garfield a clergyman? If so, of what denomination?—J. W.

No; as a young man he was a preacher, and a popular one, of the Disciples of Christ (often called Campbellites by those outside the sect), but he never was a professional minister.

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What process is used by railroads in pickling ties? Or, how can fence posts be treated to keep them from rotting?—O. B.

Some railroads use a creosote process that requires more expenditure for outfit than a farmer could make. Applications of coal tar or of paraffin are often used on fence posts.

÷ ÷ ÷

Who is Commander Wainwright, of the Gloucester, in the late war, and what is his present duty?—Rustic.

Son of Commander Wainwright, who died near New Orleans Aug. 10, 1862, while commanding Farragut's flagship Hartford. He now is superintendent of the Annapolis Naval Academy.

÷ ÷ ÷

Who is the author of the lines quoted by Gilbert Parker at the beginning of "The Right of Way"—

"I want to talk with some old lover's ghost
Who died before the god of love was born?"

—M. F. G.

We are unable to give the authorship. Perhaps some reader of the Journal can identify the lines.

÷ ÷ ÷

How does Congressman James D. Richardson rank in Masonry?—Abbott.

Very high; he has been grand master of Masons and grand high priest, Grand Chapter, R. A. M. of Tennessee, inspector general of A. and A. Scottish Rite Masons in Tennessee and grand commander of the Supreme Council of this rite.

÷ ÷ ÷

How much is a "York shilling?" 2. To whom is the nickname "Blue Nose" given? 3. What is the meaning of "f. o. b.?" —McM.

An eighth of a dollar—a "bit." 2. To Nova Scotians. 3. Free on board—that is, all charges paid to and including getting goods on board cars or boat.

÷ ÷ ÷

Who was the author of "Widow Bedott?" —E. P.

Mrs. Frances Miriam Whitcher, wife of a Protestant Episcopal clergyman settled at Elmira, N. Y., for a time, but later compelled to give up his pastorate because of the enmity of those who thought themselves caricatured in Mrs. Whitcher's writings.

÷ ÷ ÷

Will you tell me something about Mrs. Frances Cecil Alexander, who wrote "The Burial of Moses?"—M. R.

Her family name was Humphries, and she was born in Strabane, Ireland, about 1825, marrying, in 1850, Rev. William Alexander, afterward bishop of Derry. Her publications included many stories and verses for children, and were issued anonymously.

÷ ÷ ÷

At what time was Titus on the throne of the Roman empire? 2. What was the period of the English Cromwells, what were their titles, Christian names and which was first in control?—L. W. N.

From 79 to 81 of the present era. 2. From 1863 to 1869 was the period of the protectorate. Oliver first took the title Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, and to this his son Richard succeeded.

÷ ÷ ÷

Where can I get a paper or book on dairying? I should like one especially on feeding and care of milk and butter.—F. M. C.

Many books have been published and many periodicals are being issued dealing with that subject. For advice as to the best ones write to Prof. C. S. Plumb, who has charge of the dairy department at Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

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When was Ferdinand VII King of Spain? —L. M. L.

He succeeded on the abdication of his father, March 19, 1808, but was compelled by Napoleon to give up his claims, and for six years was a prisoner at the castle of Valencay. Then he was restored and reigned until his death, Sept. 29, 1833, except for a brief interval in 1822 and 1823, when he was set aside by Spanish Constitutionalists.

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Where is the great gun called the "Mons Meg?" 2. Who is the King of Belgium, where was he born and when did he ascend the throne? 3. How is he related to the present reigning family of Europe? 4. How was Rouget de Lisle, the composer of the national song of France, rewarded?—G.

In the castle of Edinburgh. 2. Leopold II. He acceded Dec. 10, 1865. His father, Leopold I, was uncle to Queen Victoria. 3. After living for years in pinched circumstances, a small pension was given to him by Louis Phillipe. The Marseillaise was his only work of striking merit.

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Several maple trees in our dooryard have been attacked by a worm similar to a white grub or maggot, about one-half inch in length. The worms work under the bark in the sap of the tree about one-half inch deep, and deeper in places. They work in a deep groove, and on one tree have gone about two-thirds way around and about eighteen inches from the ground. Two others are affected where limbs branch out about eight feet from the ground. What are these worms and what is to be used to prevent their killing the trees and what will be used on the trees already hurt?—D.

Probably this is the maple borer, which, after making a channel of considerable length, comes near the surface, where the pupa is formed and where finally the adult escapes. Many washes have been tested with a view of preventing the deposit of eggs, but none has been uniformly successful. Nothing better can be suggested than to follow the burrow as far as possible by cutting and then to insert a copper wire to the end and kill the grub.

GROUNDS FOR SUSPICION.

Smith (with the umbrella)—Somebody swiped your parachute, eh! Suspect anybody?

Jones—Well—er—I have an idea who took it!

How Birds Amuse Themselves

Games of Birds. Swings of the Titmice. Anecdotes of the Mocking Bird and the Lories. Turning Somersaults. Dances of Ostriches and Cranes. Bird Kickers . . . . .

Some modern writers would have us believe that the life of a bird is a life of constant fear; that not only it is all work and no play, but that it is passed in deadly terror. To a bird-lover this idea is intolerable, and if accepted would take away all pleasure in making their acquaintance. But happily this view is not confirmed by facts. One who has time, patience and ability to watch birds, sees enough to convince him, that although always alert, quick to perceive danger and instantly to avoid it, birds do not pass their lives in dread and fear. On the contrary there is plenty of evidence to show that our feathered brethren have sports into which they enter with the enthusiasm of youth.

There can be no doubt that the bird plays because he feels well—or is in a healthy and cheerful condition, but there is another way to consider it. The various exercises of play have important educational value, in the same way that athletic sports have for the human youth. They train the body for the serious duties of adult life. Mr. Groos, who has made a study of this subject, goes so far as to suggest that the reason animals and men are born helpless, with everything to learn, is for the purpose of giving this training; or, in other words, a period of youth and playfulness is a necessary preparation for life. This gives a biological importance to play, and makes the study of it most interesting.

We find, on closer acquaintance with their ways, that birds are extremely frolicsome. Not only when young and naturally frisky, as are all creatures fresh to this world of ours, but after they have reached their full development. Like us they have their social festivities, their concerts and dances, sometimes on the ground and sometimes in the air, for they have the advantage of us in the command of two elements.

Like our youth, with their various ball games—golf, tennis, baseball, etc.—birds enjoy sporting with some object. Like some of our kind their fun occasionally takes the form of "teasing;" and again their amusements appear to consist of posing, or a sort of tableau performance.

Some of the social festivities of birds have been seen by wary or fortunate observers, notably by Mr. Hudson, who has graphically described many quaint and interesting customs of South American birds. But without doubt many more take place that have as yet been concealed from us.

SWING OF THE TITMICE.

One of the whimsical ways in which birds enjoy themselves is by the swing, which seems very droll in the possessors of wings. There is a whole family—the Titmice—common in Europe and America, who simply revel in this amusement. Sometimes singly and sometimes in parties these little birds seize the tip ends of long swaying branches, and, hanging head up or head down, swing back and forth in the wind, the more violent apparently the more fun, calling to one another in the merriest way. The same trick is played by others who perch on a weather vane, swaying in a veritable wind, and showing their enjoyment by singing with glee as they bend this way and that to preserve their balance.

A prank similar to these was the daily entertainment of a bird I once had at liberty in my house. A hanging cardboard map had become so warped that the upper corners stood out from the wall. On this the bird delighted to pounce with a violence which made it swing back and forth several times, then fly around the room and alight again with the same result. This play he frequently kept up an hour at a time.

Birds are often quick to avail themselves of new conditions, and the pleasure of being carried swiftly through the air, which we understand and appreciate ourselves, evidently actuated a party of auks in the far North, who improvised a coasting ground on the roof of a tent put up by explorers. The birds spent a great deal of time and became somewhat troublesome by laboriously and noisily scrambling up one side of the tent to the ridgepole and coasting down the other. Doubtless the fun of the slide paid for the labor of the climb, as is the case with a boy in the same sport.

A great deal of the enjoyment of play comes undoubtedly from the delight in movement, but much is also due to the fact of accomplishing something, like catching some object. This bears the same relation to the simpler plays that the various games of ball do in human life. Birds in captivity show this plainly. Parrots and cockatoos are fond of varying the monotony of their lives with playthings, bits of chain, glittering objects, a feather, a key, almost anything indeed, they will amuse themselves with for hours, and show a strong sense of ownership by resenting any other use of the objects they consider their own.

A tame mocking bird who had the freedom of the house was particularly fond of a paper of needles for a plaything. Finding this treasure in his mistress's work basket he would work at it till he loosened the fold, then seize one corner of the paper in his beak, and with one flirt send the needles in a shower over the floor, to his great delight.

Lories, favorite cage birds of the parrot family, will play with one another in comical ways hopping sideways in a circle with droll gestures, nodding their heads expressively, rolling over and over, shaking hands and many other gambols. A noble macaw, says Dr. Karl Russ, and an Amazonian parrot played together like two puppies, wrestling and tumbling each other about.

FROLICSOME WILD BIRDS.

Wild birds are not less frolicsome. A party of crows were seen by Mr. Long to play a long time with a bit of china, one snatching it and flying away with it, while the rest tried to make him drop it, flapping their wings in his eyes, flying in his face and in every way teasing him. When at last they succeeded, there was a rush and a scramble, and the one who secured it became in his turn the butt of the party. Hawks, probably mates, play together with their prey, especially snakes. One will fly to a great height and drop it when his playfellow will catch it before it reaches the ground. Then the parts are reversed and the second one takes his turn at dropping. Ravens act in similar fashion with sea urchins only this is a solitary game, where the bird who drops also does the catching, doing it before the urchin reaches the ground and is broken, thus showing that it is play and not desire to eat.

A strikingly human characteristic is shown in the play of birds amusing themselves at the expense of others—what we call "teasing." A party of jolly bluejays were observed in Ohio engaged in this game. It was cherry time and a well-loaded tree invited all cherry lovers to partake. There were busily engaged robins catbirds, red-headed woodpeckers and others. The mischevious blue-coats would stay quietly on a neighboring tree till every body was absorbed in the feast, then suddenly descend with loud cries. Of course, the cherry eaters would be panic-stricken and fly in disorder, when the fun-loving jays would calmly return to their tree and wait till all were back at their feast, then repeat the performance.

Tumbling over and over, or turning somersets in the air, is a popular game. The black-coated gentry excel in grotesque wing play. Ravens, looking the embodiment of solemnity, are frolicsome as boys. One curious performance was seen by Mr. Selous. While flying soberly along the bird suddenly closed the wings and rolled over on one side, turning completely and coming up on the other side, but sometimes he turned only half way and "reversed" and came up the way he started. It was an extraordinary feat, and the bird continued on his way as if he had done nothing eccentric, but in a few moments repeated the sport, and did so four or five times in succession, with stolid flights between.

The dancing of ostriches and cranes have often been noted, but another sport is not so well known. This is a kind of "posing" play. Here is one conducted by a dignified grackle. Two birds take their place on the ground, facing. Then together they begin slowly raising their heads, twisting them comically from side to side, keeping their eyes on each other. Farther and farther stretch up the bills till they point to the sky, and even more. In this absurd position they stand for some time, then lower them, and all is over, taking their pleasure seriously, as their countrymen are said to do. Our own flicker, or golden-winged woodpecker, indulges in a dignified but comical performance, mostly posing.

The great plover has a grotesque play described by Mr. Selous. Towards evening the birds will begin to run around in great excitement, waving their wings, leaping into the air and then "pitching" about like ships in a rough sea, and threatening every moment to dig their bills into the ground. In a few minutes the paroxysm is past, and the birds resume their ordinary demeanor. Another bird, the kagu, in the London Zoological Grounds, carries this frenzied play a step farther and actually does thrust his bill into the ground and holds it there, kicking and fluttering with legs and wings.

The last I shall mention is a "kicker" (though not in the newspaper sense.) He is a cassowary, and when the playful fit seizes him he rolls on the ground with legs in the air more like a monkey than a great bird. Then springs up and rushes madly about, leaping six feet into the air and kicking everything he encounters with such violence that he often lands flat on his back. This is perhaps the drollest of bird plays. OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW OLD SKINFLINT GOT THE WORST OF IT.

1.

2.

3.

4.

The Spelling Reformers Again.

February Scribner.

These people go to work a priori, if any one ever did. The movement is in no proper sense evolutionary; it is a mere arbitrary doing a thing in what seems to be the easiest way. And it is much to be feared that one of the proposed schemes, that of a purely phonetic spelling, will not prove so simple as its advocates expect. Indeed, a really simple scheme of phonetic spelling will be an unprecedented phenomenon in this world. The Italians have tried their hand at it, and (so far) failed; the most successful have probably been the Russians, Poles, Czechs and Magyars — but at the expense of what a panoply of alphabet and accents! Think of the three silent "accent letters" in Russian (well-nigh the despair of lexicographers), and of the Czech or Hungarian system of accents, beside which the French is mere child's play! Consider again, as has often been pointed out, that, no matter how simple and perfect a system of phonetic spelling may be, its application is practically impossible where there is no universally recognized standard of pronunciation. Is a Philadelphian to read "basket" and call it "bas-k't?" How is "vase" to be spelled phonetically?

As for such monstrosities as "thogh" (for "though"), what useful end is gained by them? Why not "tho," tout court? is the u more superfluous than the gh? Or is the u to be reserved for "tugh?" If so, how would you spell "cough?" Perhaps "cawgh." The trouble with the spelling reform is that nothing yet has been suggested that is easier than the old way. I do not say that the old way is good; only no newer one seems any better. If some one would only preach an historico-etymological spelling reform in English, that might lead to something worth while from another point of view. Think of the luxury of putting two m's into "amount"—so that you could see the Latin through it! But, though people enough rail at our present English spelling for not being uniformly historical and etymological, no one seems to take it into his head to propose making it so.

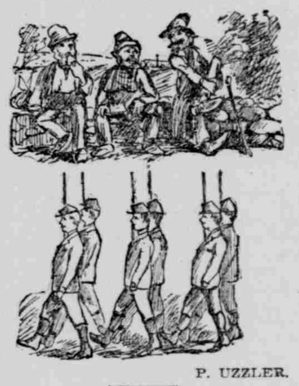
SPHINX LORE

Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour.

[Any communication intended for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.]

Puzzles of some kind have been popular from a remote period, and have been valued as furnishing entertainment that is both pleasing and instructive. The once ponderous enigmas and cryptograms have been superseded by simpler and more clearly-defined varieties, each to be solved in a manner peculiar to itself. Without following too closely the lines laid down by many modern "puzzlers," it will be our purpose to give each week a few ingenious problems and word tangles of a kind to be generally interesting, and readers with novel puzzle ideas are invited to aid by original contributions. From time to time, prize tangles will be given, when solutions will be invited from all who care to compete. The answer to each installment of puzzles will follow in two weeks.

1.—A WAR-TIME MELODY.



P. UZZLER.

2.—LINKADE.

[Example: Mother; moth-her.]

Behold! a man of noble name
Demands an introduction,
And TOTAL to secure the same
Will surely cause a ruction.
For leaders in the social swim
Declare in tones emphatic:
"All honor be accorded him
Of blood aristocratic."

A count of foreign pedigree
Can never FIRST to SECOND
Our wealthy maids whose fortunes be
Among the millions reckoned.
So when this count was present at
A quiet social function,
There were a score of ladies that
Bestowed on him their unction.

His hostess was a lady rare,
An honored guest she feted him;
She had a grand piano there,
Before the which she seated him.
"Please play for us, for none," she cried,
"Can hold to you a candle!"
"I play, most sure," the count replied,
"But—wherra ees ze handle?"

L'ALLEGRO.

3.—GENEALOGICAL.

In his last lucid moments, before being committed to the asylum for the hopelessly insane, one of the census enumerators for 1900 gave me this problem in genealogy. Before jumping recklessly into matrimony contracting parties should think of the consequences to innocent people who are called upon to solve these relationships:

"My name is Snyder," said one of the two old gentlemen whom he found in a hillside cabin, "and this gentleman is my father."

"My name is Ryder," said the other, "and this gentleman is MY father."

"I have a wife," said the first one, "who is also my daughter."

"And I have a wife," said the second, "who is also my daughter and the mother and daughter of this gentleman's wife."

"My little girl," said the first, "is my granddaughter, and my mother-in-law is my daughter."

"My little girl," said the second, "is my granddaughter, and is the aunt and niece of this gentleman's daughter and granddaughter, and my daughter is my mother-in-law and the mother and sister of my wife. While this gentleman is my father and I am his, yet are we each other's sons and cousins, and our children are aunts and nieces to each other; also we have two daughters apiece, though our wives have but one."

Perhaps some reader can explain this tangle. MYRTLE.

4.—FLORAL COLORS.

"There is a purple red," said Junia,
"Now much affected, called ******.
I'm old-fashioned, I suppose;
My taste inclines to the bright ****,
While for a paler tint, I think
There's nothing daintier than ****;
Although a charming blue is new, it's
Named for the fairy flowers called ******.
They bloomed in yonder field, where dim rose
Tall stalks of pale-gold evening ********.
Though some think purple such a trial, it
Is most superb in deep, deep ******;
And when an Easter bonnet I lack
Color and flower shall both be *****.
But for the summer, I prefer
White, softly touched with ********."

M. C. S.

5.—A LITERARY TEA PARTY.

(The names of familiar characters in fiction are indicated by Characteristic Initials, the authors' initials are in parantheses.)

The part was given in honor of the Roaming Castaway (D. D.), who was at home after a long absence. There were present an old Spaniard who was Delightfully Queer (M. C.), a young man who seemed Utterly Humble, an ugly dwarf who was Detstably Queer, a Lovely Nymph of a girl with her grandfather, a Pale Darling of a little boy being crammed to death at school, an English servant whose father is constantly warning him against a "Second Wentur" in the matrimonial line, all from one house (C. D.). There were also an old money lender known as Skinflint, a young seer of ghosts known as High-Tragedy, a jealous black Oriental and his white Dame, and a lofty Murderess, all from another house (W. S.). Then came in a beguiling schemer (W. M. T.), who looked as though she had seen many adventures, and to offset the danger of her society there was a Thoroughly Searching Preacher (R. C.) from the American Northwest. Next was a gentle Exile (H. W. L.) from Novia Scotia, followed by a New England factory girl, who is an engaging beauty (M. E. W.). After these came a miller's little daughter, Merry Tomboy, and her brother Teazer (G. E.). Next was a little girl who had seen so many wonders and strange animals that she looked amazed (L. C.). The last to arrive were Modest, Jolly, Beautiful and Amiable Maidens (L. M. A.). DOROTHEA.

6.—CHARADE.

In the SECOND of the river,
Stretching seaward from the land,
Edged with coral, shells and sponges,
Lies a ONE of yellow sand.

But learn, O, ye little fishes,
All that glitters is not gold;
Prospects that are most alluring
Most deceptive snares enfold.

Where that ONE the surface ripples,
Men drop lines into the sea—
Lines with TOTAL hooks all baited,
Foolish little fish, for thee!

MABEL P.

7.—GEOGRAPHICALS.

1. The oil of a certain fowl represents two well-known countries. What is it? 2. A jacket Miss Comfort bought the other day gives us the name of one of the United States. Name it. 3. A section of a tree Uncle Charles cut out for a fishing pole brings to mind a celebrated summer resort. Look it up. ROBERT.

8.—ENIGMA.

A verb and pronoun when combined
May with an insect small be joined
And thus produce a great unknown,
An animal of flesh and bone;
The one, I mean, so large and stout,
Which Job, poor fellow, talked about.

NELSONIAN.

Discrediting an Inventor.

New York Sun.

An Indianapolis inventor, who is too modest to allow his name to be published, admits that he is about to surprise the world. First, by an apparatus whereby a person talking into a telephone can see and be seen by the person to whom he is talking, though continents divide them; second, by an apparatus whereby "flour" gold can be separated for almost nothing from surrounding substances. These devices may be excellent in their way, but an expectant world can never be truly happy until cucumber sunshine is for sale in quarts, pints and half-pints.

Center of Politeness Located.

Boston Journal.

Where is the center of politeness? We say Manchester, N. H. The most disastrous fire in that town since 1870 was discovered by Miss Theodora Richardson, who, seeing the Board of Trade in session in the doomed block, announced: "Gentlemen, excuse me for interrupting, but the entire north side of this building is on fire."